

# Harkins' Deal In Stocks

It was that awful May 9, 1901, when Northern Pacific was going up like a balloon and everything else in the stock market was climbing, dropping, collapsing, turning somersaults. Brokers' offices were full of screaming, white-faced men; fortunes were vanishing like clouds of dust; calls for "a million more margin" were fairly turning up the wires; everybody on La Salle street was "sweating blood."

Down from his big farms in the center of the state had come, all unsuspecting, that morning, John Harkins, prosperous farmer and stock raiser. He sold ten carloads of steers at the stock yards, and then came down to deposit his money at the bank where, for years, he had kept a modest account.

"By the way," said Harkins to the cashier, "I believe I'd like to take a little flyer on 'change this morning.'"

Harkins had no idea that anything unusual was happening on the stock market that day, but he had sold his steers for a big price, and there was still a trace of the gambling fever in his blood. He had never bought a share of stock before. But the cashier took it for granted that Harkins knew all about the prevailing panic.

"There's a reliable firm of brokers downstairs," said the cashier. Down into promenade strolled John Harkins. Boys were running about the big rooms like chickens with their heads off; white-faced men were watching the ticker and grinning as they watched; callers were yelling frantically the lightning-like changes in prices; behind the little windows, inside their cages, keen-eyed men were taking orders and giving them.

John Harkins surveyed the scene with satisfaction. He thought it to be only the ordinary, everyday bustle of a stock broker's office. He had a irresistible impulse to take part in the game. The fever of activity got into his blood. But he determined not to move any unusual excitement. He casually strolled up to the window, out of which looked one of the members of the firm.

"I didn't know but I'd like to do something this morning," said John Harkins, pleasantly. "What?" "What to do?" snapped the broker. His firm was \$3,000,000 in the hole just then and he was in no mood to waste time in pleasantries.

"I didn't know but I'd buy a little Steel preferred," answered the abashed Harkins. "Got the money with you?" "We don't know you," said the broker.

"If you'll come up to the bank with me," said the broker, "I'll back my account for a small amount."

"Come on," snapped the broker, bounding out of his cage, hatless and barefooted. Seizing the now abashed Harkins by the arm he rushed him up the marble stairs leading to the bank, two steps at a time.

"This man can't buy some Steel," said the broker, stopping at the cashier's desk. "You can buy 200 shares for him and I'll take care of it," said the cashier, who had troubles of his own that awful day.

Downstairs again the broker rushed the half-breathless farmer, and before he fairly knew what had happened he had ordered the purchase of 200 shares of Steel preferred at 86. At the time the order was given the ticker showed 85 and 80 and was going down.

But that counted nothing. The broker could not keep within reaching distance of that tremendous market. It was at least fifteen minutes behind the New York stock exchange. So it happened that while the quotation for Steel on the tape were still around 88, back came a wire from New York announcing the purchase of 200 Steel at 80.

When John Harkins was handed that message showing how low the steel stock had been bought he gave a whoop of joy. Everybody else in the broker's office seemed to be making a noise of some kind, and Harkins thought it was up to him to add to the general din.

But just then the ticker began to catch up with the stock exchange quotations. Down went Steel. Harkins watched it drop in half a dozen jumps from 88 to 80 and was ready to hug himself at having shown such good judgment. He commenced to talk loudly to the other customers and to call their attention to his good buy.

But that counted nothing. The broker didn't stop at 80. The next quotation showed 1,000 shares sold at 77. Harkins began to sweat and to grow more quiet. He watched the quotation for Steel on the tape were still around 88, back came a wire from New York announcing the purchase of 200 Steel at 80.

"Steel preferred?" Harkins was now nearly 81,500. He began to wonder whether he would be able to go back home at all. "Steel 70?" "Say, can't you sell that blamed steel for me?" pleaded Harkins to the broker. By this time he was white in the face and his eyes were growing red and bloodshot.

"Sell you out at a loss of \$2,000," said the broker hurriedly. "Better hold on a little while longer." "Steel 60?" said the ticker. Harkins knew that the machine was fifteen minutes behind the New York stock exchange and that by this time, for all he knew, it might be the excited and frightened farmer that the infernal regions were not far off.

New York exchange, steel preferred had been marked up to 88. At that price John Harkins' shares were sold. Presently Harkins came back into the broker's office. He had taken a big drink of whiskey and was prepared to face a considerable loss.

"Well, how about it?" he asked the man in the cage, trying to affect an air of indifference. "Sold your stuff at 88," said the broker. "We've got \$1,550 to your credit."

"Huh," gasped Harkins, leaning against the counter for support. "We sold you out at a profit of \$1,600," said the broker. "Less our commission, there is \$1,550 to your credit. Would you like to leave your account open?"

"N-o-o," whispered Harkins. "No. Let me have the money, please. This game is too strenuous for me. I wouldn't go through what I've gone through today for \$5,000."

The broker handed over the check and Harkins ran up the steps to the bank with it. "Here," he said, handing the check to the cashier. "Please have this put to my account. I've made my first and last deal in stocks. Now, I'm going home to the farm to rest up for three months."

"Providence always looks after children and fools," said the cynical cashier as Harkins turned away.—H. M. H. in Chicago Tribune.

**PRACTICAL JOKES IN KANSAS.**  
What They Used to Consider Fun in the Early Days.  
(Dodge City, Kan., Globe-Republican.)

Back in the lurid old times of Dodge City, the fighter may have had his days off, but the practical joker took no vacation and worked overtime. Even a new settler couldn't be in Dodge more than twenty-four hours before the practical joke microbe began to furore in his hide like a chigger. Moss Waters and R. M. Wright were past masters. Their work was pretty strong, but usually it was directed by a third party. One, at least, however, they clashed, and that time is one which will always be remembered by old timers in Dodge City in Waters and Wright in his store selecting a new suit of clothes one evening. He had Wright "shadow" him. He found a room where he had donned the new garments and a few moments later Wright received a message from Waters' saloon, ostensibly from a United States army officer at the fort, requesting the pleasure of Wright's company at Waters' wine rooms. Such messages were not rare in those days and a little later Mr. Wright left his store to respond to the polite invitation. About half of the trip east on Front street led along a row of flat top frame buildings. The walk was covered with board awnings and on top of these awnings were numerous barrels of water which served as makeshift fire protection. Waters had men mounted near the last barrel and as Wright emerged from the end of the walk he was struck squarely with such a body of water as may be crowded into a whiskey barrel. He was literally drenched. He turned around and looked back to the ground and took his breath. Waters appeared from some hidden corner and piped sweetly: "What's up, Bob? Wetting your new suit?"

A town laugh later a burly, big-tisted Missourian struck Wright for work. Was willing to "do anything." Wright looked at the stranger up. Then he looked across at Waters' barn. This barn and the flooded horses and a blow from the special pride of Waters. The barn was newly painted in bright red. Wright looked back at that barn and a reflection in his eye. He looked back at the Missouriian. He told him that he had a bad cold and that people were making fun of his color and he wanted it white-washed. The Missouriian took a bucket of whitewash over his head and explained Wright, "that imagines he owns the world and he's going to break a bucket of whitewash over his head and I'll pay double price for the work." The Missouriian took the bucket and went to the barn and he'd like to see any lunatic stop him.

Half an hour later the big Missouriian was daubing the barn as if his life depended on covering up the red in a given time. Waters' English "cost" took his head through a side window and demanded to know what the fellow was doing. The Missouriian took quick aim and placed a coating of whitewash two inches thick across Waters' forehead. The vanquished Englishman quit the scene and ran into Waters' presence. He was so badly drenched that he had to introduce himself to his employer before he was recognized. He was spitting and spluttering and was evidently hydrophobic, but he managed at last to blurt out that there was a bloomin' bucket of whitewash all over the barn. Waters made his way to the barn and the Missouriian dashed away faster than ever and his fists began to itch. A consuming desire to get down to get one good, square punch at the offender's head. He remembered the plastered mug of the Englishman and kept his eye on the brush, all the while slowly edging up closer to get within reach. He was almost there when a blow from the Missouriian suddenly wheeled around and forced a large bucket of whitewash down over his shoulders. Waters broke away from the bucket and frantically scraped the whitewash from his face. There was murder in his eyes when he got down to it. The crowd was gathering and the fight was furious. The Missouriian saw that the odds were against him. He fought and heaved his way through the crowd and succeeded in getting away. Mr. Wright had been watching the proceedings from a distance, but before the smoke of battle had cleared away he had ordered his team and left town. He knew that Waters and his friends would be good friends later on, but just at that time, until things cooled off a little, he knew that Waters and his friends would be good friends later on, but just at that time, until things cooled off a little, he knew that Waters and his friends would be good friends later on.

A few days later mutual friends patched up a truce and Wright returned to town.

**Advice of the Archbishop.**  
(New York Times.)  
"I've been told, your grace, that a bit of roge heightens a woman's charm," said a little lady to Archbishop Ryan over his shoulders. "A fashionable woman's college on the occasion of his golden jubilee. 'And I've also been told,' she continued, 'that it is awfully wrong to use rouge. Won't you please give me the right rule, your grace?'"

The girl, shading her sparkling eyes trying to divine whether she had touched a mortal spot in the old prelate's moral code. The archbishop, according to the story going the rounds of the metropolitan clergy, looked the little lady over for a moment, a smile lit up his face, then suddenly vanished.

"So," said the archbishop, trying to keep away the smile from his cheeks, "hold that there is nothing pernicious in a little rouge, while others regard the use of this cosmetic as a very vulgar. To me it seems that it is best, in all things, to take the middle course. 'What does the matter, anyhow?'"

"Good nothing," snarled the broker. "Nothing's good in this panic." "Panic?" said Harkins. "Why didn't you tell me?" "Haven't you got eyes?" "Say," said Harkins, whose knees were shaking together, "I can't stand this any longer. If you can get me out even, for heaven's sake do it. I'm going out for awhile."

Harkins walked out into La Salle street. Great billows of smoke were rolling down from the skyscrapers and it seemed to the excited and frightened farmer that the infernal regions were not far off.

Almost the moment Harkins left the broker's office steel and almost everything else commenced to go up. "Leading financial interests" had come to the relief of the market. Like a rubber ball which has struck a hard bottom prices bounced up again even faster than they had gone down. And, as is often the case, the rebound carried quotations above the point from which they had started to decline.

"Sell 200 steel preferred at 84," was the message which Harkins' brokers sent to their New York correspondents. Judging by the ticker—still a quarter of an hour behind the facts—they judged that by the time their message was delivered to the New York stock market it would have reached that point. But steel did even better than that, on the surface of that incoming tidal wave. By the time the wire reached the broker in the mezzanine of the



# Walker's Store.

## Half Price or Less for all Our Imported Costumes

### Visiting and Reception Gowns--Parisian Models.

**N**EWS that will interest every woman. A collection of beauty dresses for all sorts of functions--afternoon, luncheon, visiting. Each gown is a model from a Parisian artist. Each one is a distinguished style unlike any you will likely see hereabout. They have been the admiration of all women during their short life here--less than two months--and altho some have left us meanwhile, these to be sent away so wondrously cost-reduced are none the less handsome and aristocratic. If you are thinking at all of buying a handsome frock, a glance will tell you that a duplicate or approach to any one could be made for no less than double the asking price now. Just description is impossible--the materials are broadcloths, iridescent novelty fabrics, thin fabrics, noil novelty and vicuna. Made over rich silk linings; sumptuous trimmings. Monday and week if here that long--

The \$185 reduced to--\$75  
The \$150 reduced to--\$75  
The \$100 reduced to--\$50

The \$165 reduced to \$75  
The \$137.50 reduced to--\$68.50  
The \$75 reduced to \$37.50

## THE "DORIS" \$3.50 SHOES, \$2.95

### Three Years of Testing and Still a Favorite.

No reason in the world is there for such a reduction on "Doris" except it be to get the whole stock down to minimum before the first of the year. The shoe store thinks it none to early to begin adjustment now. "Doris" has proven itself a decided favorite with women. It is a smart, dressy boot with comfort, style and splendid wearing quality. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--

All sizes and widths AA to EE. Calfskin with heavy extension soles, right for wet weather wear. Glace kid with light turned soles, low heels, button or lace styles--very dressy lasts. Soft kid with welt soles and military or Cuban heels. Always \$3.50 a pair, three days--\$2.95.

## Misses' Shoes, \$1.65 a Pair, Worth \$2.

Some are essentially school shoes--built to stand hard wear with extension oak soles, uppers of box calf or heavy kid. Other lighter kinds for dress, neat looking, pretty styles. Misses \$2 shoes, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--\$1.65.

## Are You Planning an Oriental Corner? Price-Saving News is This.

A lot of rich Indian drapes, for back of couches or any other drapery effect you like, sold formerly at \$1.50 to \$3 each; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--ONE-THIRD OFF THESE PRICES.

Mexican grapes and blankets; bright, attractive colorings--some very choice pieces--formerly \$12 to \$15, three days--ONE-FOURTH OFF THESE PRICES.

**Baby Carriage Fur Robes--20 Per Cent Off.**  
Excellent line of fur robes, with and without pocket to slip baby into; sell regularly for \$1.50 up to \$7 each; three days--20 PER CENT TAKEN OFF THESE PRICES.

## \$2.50 Rope Portieres--\$1.69.

Good variety of colorings, different effects; attractive hangings; were \$2.50 each, three days--\$1.69.

## Sateens; 20c For 13c--The 35c For 25c.

Drapery sateens, variety of pretty colorings and pattern designs; three days the 20c a yard--13c; the 35c reduced to--25c.

## New Ingrain Art Squares and Linoleums.

A delayed lot of art squares has just reached us. Charming colorings, handsome patterns. For those planning dining room or bedroom covering, and wish it economically done, nothing can give better satisfaction--both for wear, service and beauty--than the Ingrain art square. Prices are inexpensive, like this--

For 7 1/2x10-foot size--\$5.  
For 10x10-foot size--\$7.  
For 10x12-foot size--\$8.  
Four-yard squares--\$12; 4x5 yards--\$15.  
Linoleums--Best qualities the price can buy. "B" grade for 50c a square yard. "D" grade for 67 1/2c square yard. "B" grade, 50c square yard. Inlaid linoleums--\$1.60 a yard.

## Choice Linen Napkins and Table Cloths--25 Per Cent Off Regular Prices.

Perfect linen--the best that Ireland, the home of fine linens, can make. Will get more and more beautiful. One reason only for reduction price--the cloths are minus napkins to match; the napkins are out of cloths to match. A matter that will concern you little, perhaps. The lot won't be here longer than three days; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--

The cloths--some are handsomely hemstitched--were \$2.75, \$3, \$4 and up to \$10 each--25 PER CENT TAKEN OFF THESE PRICES.

The napkins--22-inch, 24-inch and 27-inch sizes, were \$4 up to \$10 a dozen--25 PER CENT OFF THESE PRICES.

## 25c Each Towels--6 For \$1.

Splendid grade of Nuch towels, hemmed ends, 22 1/2x42-inch sizes; broken assortment of our different 25c each grades; Monday and week--instead of 25c each--16 2/3c each or six for \$1.

## Charming Black Dress Trimmings at

### One Third off Regular Price

Makes no difference what sort of dress you wish to adorn--thin fabric or heavy, colored or black--these trimmings are suitable. Black wood-fibre braids very rich and silky, black silk Cluny laces and black Venise laces in edgings and insertions and widths of one inch to nine. Entire assembly--more than fifty pieces to pick from, so a variety broad and ample. 35c a yard and all between prices to \$15 a yard, Monday and week--ONE-THIRD TAKEN OFF PRICES.

## \$15 to \$40 Handsome Silk Petticoats,

### One Fourth off These Prices.

Beautiful silk petticoats that any woman might be glad to possess. Made of rich quality taffeta silks, made in most attractive pretty styles--all new for this autumn and winter. Deep graduated and fanciful flounces are handsomely trimmed with laces, tucks and ruchings; then there are tiny ruffles forming groups and single, double and triple ruffle effects. Black and all colors. Silk petticoats make most acceptable Christmas presents. No inconsiderate saving is this for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--ONE-FOURTH OFF PRICE.

## Art Store Good News. Possible Little Christmas Things You Want in This.

A whole heap of shoe bags, laundry bags and darning bags, made of denim and fancy cretons; some with tinted designs to be embroidered, others quite complete as they are. Were 75c, 50c and \$1; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--choice 40c.

About six dozen stamped linen doilies, for white or colored embroidery; 25c to 30c each kind, reduced to--19c. Little group of Swiss bureau scarfs, made over colored linings; some formerly up to \$1.75 each, now--\$1.

Pillow shams; can be used, too, for table covers; prettily lace trimmed; instead of 75c each--35c.

## Women's \$2 Kid Gloves--\$1.38. Some \$1.25 Dog-skin--78c.

The \$2 gloves are of finest kidskin, the seamless, that have first place of desirability with every woman; best fitting and excellent wearing quality; all sizes in this sale lot, but gray, brown and mode shades only. Clearance price, Monday and week--instead of \$2--\$1.38.

Women's dogskin gloves, very desirable for street wear, driving and wheeling, all sizes, reds and tans. Monday and week, reduced from \$1.25 to--78c.

The new Mocha gloves, with silk linings, just in. Dressy looking, as well as cozy and warm. \$1.75 a pair.

## Fleeced Oxfords and French Velour Waistings, 20c a Yard Instead of 30c and 40c.

Seekers of waisting fabrics want, for the most part, only the washable kinds. These are that kind, and this sale group a very attractive lot. The fleeced Oxfords are highly mercerized, and in colors with stripes and figures or black and white effects. The French Velour, as its name suggests, is a velvety looking fabric; plain colors, and in black and white pin dot patterns. Wear well, wash well; non-shrinkable. For waists or kimono; 30c to 40c a yard goods; Monday and week--20c a yard.

## DOMESTIC SECTION.

## A Few Price Suggestions on Handsome Lounging Robes For Women. Acceptable Christmas Gifts.

A lounging robe, a couch and a grate fire. Could more cozy comfort be imagined? We've brought along a charming lot, all very appropriate for gifts if you like. Here are price suggestions--

At \$5. Elderdown robes, made with new close fitting or loose sleeves, large collar and satin facings, some braid trimmed; heavy cord girdles.

At \$6.75, \$7.50, \$8.75 and \$10--the handsomest robes makers had to show us. Made of fleeciest of elderdowns, most attractively trimmed, and at \$13.50 quilted silk robes. All colors--the daintiest to dark.

## Boys' \$1.50 and \$1.75 Felt Hats--\$1. 50c and 65c Nightshirts--39c.

The boys' hats are being cleared away because their room is to be occupied by Christmas things. Felt in black, custom and pearl shades, in sizes 6 1/2 to 7. Regular \$1.50 and \$1.75, reduced to--\$1.

Boys' outing flannel night shirts, neatly and well made; stripes of blue and white, pink and white. Instead of 50c and 65c each--39c.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' STORE.

## Women's Knit Underwear. Some Lowered Prices.

Women's fine wool vests, the beautiful "Crepe de Sante" make; very soft, nicely finished, high neck style, with long or short sleeves; instead of \$2.75 each--\$2; the sleeveless \$1.75 regular, reduced to--\$1.

Women's Zimerli very fine wool vests and drawers, exquisitely woven, finely finished, very choice garments; sold at \$2 for vests, \$3.50 for drawers.

Mixed silk and wool vests and drawers for women; soft, beautifully woven; \$3 and \$4 per garment.

Women's soft wool vests, blue and pink, reduced from \$1.75 to--\$1.25.

## Mirrors, Sponges, Combs.

Hand mirrors, with beveled glass, excellent quality, walnut or ebony backs; sold regularly at 50c each; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--25c.

India rubber fine tooth combs, different sizes, reduced for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, from 10c each to--5c.

Some splendid sponges, coarse, fine and medium, 15c to 30c each kind, three days--8c each.

## Tablets, Envelopes, Toilet Amonia.

Ink tablets; letter, pocket and commercial sizes; 10c each kind, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--5c each.

Broken lines of odd shape envelopes, different sizes, white and in tints; formerly sold at 10c to 25c a package, three days--7c a package.

Toilet ammonia and Isle of Violet Witch Hazel, nicely perfumed; large size bottles sold at 20c; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--12c.

## Chatelaine Bags, Belts, Pocketbooks.

Chatelaine bags, black leather, 65c regular; to close out a little group quickly--27c each.

Black seal and black patent leather belts, all sizes; very nice qualities sold at \$1 to \$1.50 each; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, if they last so long, not a great many in the lot, choice--65c.

Women's combination pocketbooks with card case, made of black seal leather; little lot, to close out, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, reduced from \$1 to--32c.

Coin purses, handy to slip into the shopping bag; 35c regular, three days--18c each.

## Art Ware Pieces--Half Price.

Ink wells, match safes, pin trays, paper weight, pen wipers and some other things. Pretty shapes, different kinds of ware; 25c up to \$2.50 pieces, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--HALF PRICE FOR ANY.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.